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Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XIII.—No. 646.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896. [ONE PENNY.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING AT BROADSTAIRS.

"Poor Papa is such an enthusiastic sportsman that I am heartily glad to hear he was able to obtain some very decent partridge shooting during his stay at Broadstairs. Snatcher and Toddles, who have been shot over several seasons now, are both keen as mustard, and I understand Dad has refused a hundred pounds for the brace. Alec tells me they got rather a mixed bag, but all things considered it was a most enjoyable day, marred only by the accidental explosion of Papa's gun on the way home, which nearly resulted in the diffusion of my brother's brains. The Blood Stained could hardly conceal his disappointment."—TOOTSIE.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

"Will I fasten up your tootsie-strap, Miss May? With pleasure, if you've only got a microscope handy."

SIX TO FIVE THE FIELD.

Ma. H'm! and p'r'aps he'll tell you what he does with all his money? *Maud.* He has, and I love him for his noble charity. He gives it to fellows who make books.

"SAM HALL."

WHEN the compiler of these strange but true histories was a boy in 1849, he went several nights to the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane and heard Bill Ross sing "Sam Hall." Ross was an extraordinarily powerful actor, a follower of Edmund Kean and a precursor of Frederick Robson.

"Sam Hall" was a kind of death chant or dirge. The singer in rags, smoking a short pipe, sat astride a chair and sang the doggerel with strange intensity that thrilled an audience of noblemen and clerks and counterskippers. He described his progress in a cart up Holborn Hill to Tyburn, where he was to be strangled to death. He heaped frightful curses on judge, hangman, chaplain, and the man who tolled the bell at St. Sepulchre's. Some who listened laughed at the bad language; not a few were frightened. No such songs are sung nowadays; no such books as the "Sam Hall Songster" are published; no such places as the Cider Cellars exist. We are all good boys, now.

As well as I can ascertain, there never was a Sam Hall, chimney sweep, but there was a Jack Hall, who was hanged at Tyburn on December 17th, 1707, and who, "from the humble avocation of a sweeper of chimneys, became a notorious and daring thief." Jack was "remarkably distinguished in his time, on account of the number and variety of robberies in which he was concerned; and few thieves," we are told, "have been more the subject of public conver-

sation." Hall left chimney-sweeping very soon, and "started pick-pocket," was caught several times and ducked in a horse-pond. In 1628 he was convicted of stealing a pair of shoes, and whipped at a cart's tail. In 1700 he was sentenced to be hanged for burglary, but was pardoned, "on condition of transporting himself to some American plantation." He joined a ship and deserted, and took to robbing country waggons and stealing portmanteaus from behind coaches. For an offence of the latter kind, he was, in 1702, "burnt on the check and committed close prisoner to Bridewell for two years." Having recovered his liberty, he, with two other fellows, broke into the house of a baker at Hackney. The journeyman and apprentice, who were at work, were seized by the robbers, tied neck and heels, and flung into the kneading trough, one of the villains standing over them with a drawn sword, while the others went upstairs to rob the house; but the baker being unwilling to tell them where the money was, Hall caught hold of a little girl, the old people's grandchild, and swore he would thrust her into the oven if they did not tell. Terrified, they told, and he took away seventy pounds.

He was in 1705 tried for another burglary, but under a false name, and acquitted. He was taken again, and turning King's evidence, thus hanged three of his mates and saved his own life.

Altogether, I think, a good specimen of what a Tyburn hero used to be; but, as I began by saying, he also was hanged at last.

BILLIAM THE BLOODSTAINED.

SOME TRUE STATEMENTS RESPECTING CERTAIN HORRIBLE OCCURRENCES ON BOARD THE "GIDDY GEEZER."

No. 10.—MISS MARTHA PODGER'S *Statement continued.*

"THE first things that met my affrighted gaze was a pair of flesh colour, and on either side hung a yellow one and a blue. Two combinations hung next, and then a red flannel petticoat, patched. I counted in all dangling from the rigging, twenty-eight odd hose.

"What was the meaning of this cruel heartless jest? I pause for a reply, whilst taking something warm and comforting in the captain's cabin. "M. P."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose *a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted.* Do not inclose loose stamps.

Glad to have your letter, JELLICK; *There is room for much reform. Far too scientific,* CURRENT; *Probably before the storm. Much obliged for cutting,* SISSIE. *Always pleased to* F. H. E. *Have no space to spare at present; Much obliged, though,* ARTHUR LEE. *Not the slightest chance,* MEDONA; *Anyone will tell you that* SLOPER *does his best, but Alec Is a most precocious brat.*

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HE WENT OUTSIDE AND KICKED HIMSELF.

HE was a nice young man. One of those intelligent young fellows who think that they have acquired the wisdom of ages during a three years' course of Board School education; and he had been talking to the prettiest girl in the room for nearly an hour on the transmigration of souls, which he wound up with, "But this is one of those abstruse subjects, Miss Dearlove, which are so difficult to understand." "Yes," replied the young lady; "especially when it is explained by a man who doesn't understand it himself."

SARCASM—DUE EAST.

"Garn! call yerself a lidy! Why, gimme a 'a penny bundle o' firewood, a yard o' feather trimmin', a couple o' 'airpins, an' I'll make a better lidy out of 'em than you ever knew '*ow* to be!"

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 646.—The "Whitby Bathing" Costume.

ANOTHER RAILWAY SMASH!

(1) They were pretty comfortable at first.

(2) But the fat man took rather a large share, and it was an awfully tiring journey.

(3) Everything, however, would have been all right if it hadn't been for that bally portmanteau!

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Overheard at the deck bar of the "Clacton Belle" towards the end of the trip.

First Passenger. How have you enjoyed yourself, old man?

Second Passenger (yawning). To tell the truth, I've been rather bored.

First Passenger. Then why the Dickens didn't you amuse yourself with that pretty little woman sitting by your side?

Second Passenger. What? Oh! she was my wife.

* * *

Simkyns. That fellow Tomkyns is awfully fond of books.

Watkyns. The inside or the outside of them?

Simkyns. What's the difference?

Watkyns. All the difference in the world. In the one case he's a student; in the other, only a collector.

* * *

THE pale young fellow staggered feebly into the village chemist's and laid down a paper package upon the counter. "I'm afraid you've made a mistake here," he said, faintly. "How so, sir?" asked the man of drugs; "you asked for cigars, I believe?" "I did," said the other with a groan; "but it wasn't till I'd got through the first that I discovered you'd given me emetics."

* * *

"IRREVERENT mortals call us heathen gods,"
Said Somnus—he whose weird is to preside
O'er yawns and snores, and winks, and drowsy nods;
"And to the rest the title's well applied.
But, when at *me* they hurl that odious phrase,
They vend a libel. How can they regard
Me as an heathen, while on Sabbath days
I work *in churches* so extremely hard?"

* * *

Walker. What sort of man is Duffleigh?

Sharpe. An extraordinary man.

Walker. Indeed! I thought there wasn't much in him.

Sharpe. Neither is there. He is worse than ordinary; in fact, extra-ordinary, as I said.

* * *

Jiggs. Oh! but I shouldn't call Winklewhelk a lively seaside place by any means.

Sniggs. H'm! it's evident you've never spent a night in lodgings there.

* * *

"AH! my friends," cried the speaker, appealing for funds for the Asylum, "only those who know what it is to be blind can fully realise the horror of the affliction." "True, true," murmured a man in the back seats to his neighbour, thoughtfully; "the head I had on me after that last flare up of mine was bally awful!"

FROM OUR OWN 'ARRY.

"Boolong's the place for me! Tea and *shrimpers*—blow the shrimps!"

THE HOTEL PINEAPPLE.

EVERY decent and self-respecting hotel possesses its pineapple. Visitors expect to see it, even as they expect to see chairs to sit upon. It is a necessity that has been in vogue since the earliest records of civilisation. We cannot imagine a period remote enough to tolerate a hotel without its pine.

The *table d'hôte* dinner is responsible for most of this. At coffee-shops and eating-houses they go in for the tinned variety, a soapy looking, smooth, sappy thing with brown corns on it. But a hotel with a reputation and prices to keep up, must have the real, genuine, unadulterated article, with its leathery hide and jagged corners and frowsy tuft of decayed green.

You will generally find that the hotel pineapple has been on the premises ever since they were built. It probably came with the architect when he was measuring out the foundation work. The first proprietor annexed it and took it to his bosom. So long as the proprietorship of the hotel kept in one family, the pine was merely an heirloom, handed down from generation to generation, along with great-grandfather's sword and greataunt's snuff-box. When the family interest ceased and the hotel came into the ordinary commercial market, the pineapple went with the lease and was an integral part of the premises, like the recipe for the puddings at the "Cheshire Cheese."

Nobody has ever been known to eat any of the hotel pine. Daring things have been done by daring Englishmen, but no dauntless one ever eat a slice of this historic fruit. It has existed for centuries in pomp and pride, and it always occupies the summit of the centre-piece on the dinner table. Other fruit is placed hap-hazardly around it. Plebeian pears, ordinary oranges and common apples are plucked away from its neighbourhood and consumed by the diners. But the pineapple stands alone, splendidly isolated, defiant and all-conquering. It would come out scatheless from the onslaught of even the Hungry Man from Clapham.

It has been attacked by reckless wights. History has on record cases where foolish mortals have reached for, grabbed the forbidding fruit. Men have turned pale and women shrieked at some hardy adventurer's cold-blooded effort, but their fears have been in vain. A grasp at the hotel pine only proves that it is wired into position by an enveloping network. The attempt only dislodges a mass of acrid grapes and some diseased almonds. The whole table shakes, but the pineapple is secure. The rash intruder shudders at his act of sacrilege, blushes at the scorn of the seasoned diners, and, like the boyish neophyte he is, turns tail and leaves the room.

There is something awe-inspiring in this relic of prehistoric ages that rears its discoloured head in an uncanny and eternal existence. Its origin is hidden amongst the perpetual secrets of the dark ages before man envolved himself from the monkey. Its future cannot be guessed.

And still, sphinx-like, it stands there in the middle of the table, kingly and unapproachable.

TOOTSIE WHITBY WAY.

STILL are we urging on our wild career, but have temporarily put up at Whitby.

Dear old Whitby. I like it much, though some of its streets, courts, and alleys are of the steepest and most inconvenient. I like the old Abbey ruins, dating back goodness knows how many

The inevitable smash.

years. I like, too, that dear old weather-beaten churchyard up those hundred and ninety-nine steps. Here lie at rest many drowned mariners, and on the tombstones you may now and again come across some quaint inscriptions.

There are round about Whitby some delightful little fishing villages you should go and see—delightful, that is in summer time, but too often in winter the scenes of disaster, desolation, and death. Inland is to be found some beautiful scenery, in search of which—upon our bikes—went we girls and poor, dear, overplump Billy, who hired his machine, and, need I say, has broken it with his overweight.

The sea fishing at Whitby is very good, and Bob, thank goodness, has stayed a good deal on board his awful yacht catching whiting, gurnards, haddock, and mackerel. Poor Billy has been several times peremptorily summoned on board and the rough edge thus taken off his appetite. The Dook and we girls have, however, from afar defied the tyrant's mandates, and Tottie Good-enough slapped the head of one of the crew (the boy) sent on shore to fetch us to a fish tea, which we thought we could do as well without, objecting to thereby spoil our dinner at the Royal.

A notable feature in the guide-book is the word "reasonable," which is attached to so much that appertains to Whitby. Bob says he wishes he could see where the economy comes in; but Bob's meanness is really getting to be something too sickening. The Dook Snook says "Give him liberty and a stale loaf. The bread of dependence chokes him."

An air of mystery, as I have previously observed, has recently enveloped the Dook—in fact ever since he was seen changing that half-sovereign. Only yesterday he presented me with sixpenny-worth of caramels and stood Billy a 3*d*. smoke.

An embarassing encounter.

What does it all mean? Has he picked a pocket or backed a winner?

* * * * * *

Before posting this a few more lines. Bob and I came across the Dook on the pier mashing a rather elderly, but evidently oofish, old girl. Is it possible that this is the gold mine? Intense excitement prevails. We are resolved to learn the best or worst without delay.

SLOPER'S ANCESTORS.

No. 29.

BILBERRY CLAVERHOUSE SLOPER.
BORN 1616. SHOT AS A SPY, 1648.
From the painting by Alma Tadema, R.A. at Madame Tussaud's.

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A BUSINESSLIKE PROPOSAL.

IT is a pretty widely-known fact that a certain well-advertised millionaire—a gentleman who "made his pile" in the South African market—is extremely charitable, rarely, if ever, turning a deaf ear to genuine appeals for assistance. But he doesn't believe in indiscriminately giving money, particularly if he has reason to think that it is likely to make a "best on record" to the till of the nearest publican. As he entered Throgmorton Street, the other morning, a ragged covey, whose face was picturesquely dirty, and whose breath still suggested an October afternoon at Meux's Brewery, limped up and remarked:

"Beg pardon, Mr. B——, but I haven't tasted food since Thursday week; will ye spare me a few browns?"

"I don't do business in that way," replied the millionaire; "but I'll give you a good meal all the same."

As he spoke, he took out of his tail pocket a small pack of tickets, clasped by a red rubber band. He drew a ticket out of the pack, and handed it to the gasper.

"By presenting this card at any one of Keyliver's Cocoa Rooms," he said, "they will supply you with anything you like up to the value of sixpence."

The ragged rascal looked at the ticket for a moment and then at the millionaire.

"You seem to keep a 'olesale supply o' these briefs, guv'nor; d'ye give many away?"

"Fifty a day sometimes," replied the speculator; "whenever a hungry man asks for one."

"Every time you gives a poor bloke a blow-out, it costs yer a tanner?"

"That's about it," assented the great B——

"Can you spare us another?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," said the generous autocrat, and he gave his questioner a second ticket.

"These two tickets cost yer a bob?" continued the hungry 'un.

"They did."

"Now, I'll tell yer what I'll do. You can have the two back for sixpence! I'll sell 'em back to yer at 'arf price. You'll have all the consolations of conscience in knowin' you've done a charitable act, and at the some time be able to relieve the nex' two applicants at 'arf yer usual rate. Is it a deal?"

Though the millionaire was inwardly amused at the fellow's brazen impudence, he was too annoyed to reply, and, turning on his sole (he'd adopted this plan as being more economical than turning on his heel, which wears them down irregularly. All millionaires are frugal), he strode off in the direction of the Stock Exchange, the insolent "toucher" calling after him in a tone of sarcastic banter:

"So 'elp my bob! an' he calls hisself a 'financier'! W'y, he's got no more idea of conductin' a ready-money deal than a' old woman's tortoiseshell cat, strike me blue if he has!"

A COOL REQUEST.

The Squire's Young Wife. Good morning, Mr. Bung. I've called to ask you to join our Temperance Association, and I thought that perhaps you wouldn't mind acting as branch secretary.

Mr. Bung (who keeps the Squire's Arms' Hotel). I shall be delighted, mum—that is to say, I mean, I should be pleased to help you if I could, but, you see, mum, I keep the hotel.

The Squire's Young Wife. That's just it, Mr. Bung. That's why you're so suitable, don't you see? You come in contact with so many people who drink.

[*Bung compromises ultimately by agreeing to refer the matter to the Squire.*

AND HE BELIEVED HER, TOO.

Wife (who has induced him to don the kilt during their tour in the highlands). Don't be nervous, Henry! don't be nervous! I don't know when I've seen you look so aristocratic.

A REALLY TRUE FISHING STORY.

IT looked a likely fishing morning when the honest farmer's latest paying guest made his appearance in the low ceilinged dining room and commenced his attack upon the breakfast ham and eggs. The meal over, he sauntered with his pipe into the rick yard where the worthy yeoman, who had been up since five, was busy directing thrashing operations.

"And what was you thinking of doing with yourself to-day, sir?" asked the agriculturist when the usual greetings had been exchanged, "there's some wonderful pretty walks, you know, if you're fond of scenery, and the pony cart's disengaged this afternoon."

"Thanks, no; I think I'll put off an exploring expedition till another day," was the answer. "Fact of it is," continued Mr. Checkwinch, "I'm anxious to get among those big pike of yours you mentioned in the advertisement. It's just the sort of day, you know, and I've brought down three score of live bait to carry on the war."

The old man laughed. "All right, sir," he said, "I reckon if you're keen on it, 'tain't no use suggesting nothin' else. I ain't got time to go with you to the lake just now, but you can't miss it. Straight across these fields to the right there, through the white gate, over the stile to the left, and you'll see the water before you. You orter have good sport, for there's some powerful big un's there, I do know."

Checkwinch was not long in getting to the water's edge, but skilled angler as he was, he fished through the morning and afternoon without a rise. All over the not very extensive lake he threw his glittering dace. In vain!

The shades of evening were falling when, just as he was thinking of getting back to dinner, his float gave a few jerky lobs as the bait tried to escape, and then sank beneath the surface of the wind-ruffled water. A moment later Checkwinch was fast into a game and heavy fish.

It was a gallant struggle, for the pike fought grandly. But skill and tackle were too much for him, and after half an hour's resistance, he lay gasping on the grass; a fifteen pounder if he weighed an ounce.

Checkwinch turned from the triumphant contemplation of his prize, to find his host standing beside him with a particularly rueful expression of face. "Well, I never!" said the farmer, "who'd a thought it, now? I suppose, sir," he added, "you wouldn't feel inclined to sell me that fish?"

"Sell it? Not for worlds!" cried the young man, angered at the suggestion; "I shall have it set up, of course. I'm not likely to catch a larger one."

"That you certainly ain't here," was the reply; "there ain't another fish in the lake. It was cleared out two year ago, and I bought that there pike from a chap in the village that had netted it in Sir Williams's preserves. It's given no end of sport to London gents what's been staying here, but it's always smashed up their tackle. Well, well, you can't say I ain't been honest with you; but I'm sorry you've took the old fish, and that's straight. It seems like losing one of the family, as it were; he did a rare good share towards entertaining visitors."

And with an actual tear of regret in his eye, the old fellow turned sadly away.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

"Isn't it beautiful; oh! I'm so glad I left them at home."

HE JUST DID.

Sammy. Don't I wish I hadn't touched 'em, now.

**** Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.*

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.

No. 460.—Miss Hilda Westbury.

"I dare not think what life would seem without her."
—*The Dook Snook.*

"No heart more constant, dearest love, than mine."
—*Lord Bob.*

"Oh! rare possession beauty such as hers!"
—*The Hon. Billy.*

AND A DECENT QUANTUM, TOO!

Little Green. Do you get much wet down in these parts?

Old Salt. It varies, sir, it do. Last night I did abart four quarts, as nigh as I can remember.

A MILD REMONSTRANCE.

"How can yer stand there telling me such lies, Adolphus Henry? I wonder yer don't turn black in the face with 'em"

MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT PLENTY.

"Ah! my dear Miss Yankee Doodle, how charming you look in that new fishing costume." "I am glad to hear it; but I am not fishing for compliments."

PREMEDITATION.

Cis. I hope you don't object awfully much to ma following us.

Fred. No, not at all. You see, when we wish her to return home and leave us, I'll drop a few tintacks I've brought in my pocket for the purpose.

IN A CRICKET-ICAL STATE.

"Oh! Dick, I thought you were out." "*Out*, eh?" "Yes, dear; and I wanted to tell you that I have quite run out of cash." "*Run out?*" "Yes, dear; stumped." "*Stumped*, eh? So am I; and now the question is, who'll be the *next man in?*"

McNAB AGAIN ABUSED.

(1) "Look here, old beetroot," warbled this gentleman, "yer a disgrace to civilisation, and I've come to mak' ye feel the weight of yer iniquities."

(2) And McNab spake, "It's a pity, Duxie-Wuxie, ye should go away without fulfilling yer destiny, so hoo's yer chest, me cockie?"

(3) And Duxie-Wuxie murmured, "There's nae use trying tae convert blagards! the weight of their iniquities always comes on the Christian who endeavours to correct them."

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

A most magnificent display Took place on that eventful day:—The heart of ev'ry Christian bleeds With pity at these awful deeds:—As snoring, 'twas extremely grand, But more than mortal man could stand:—For safety the usurper runs. To music of the British guns:—The fight to win the Vase was keen, As very probably you've seen:—The temper owned by Mary must The whole world's record surely bust:—Poor Dan retires, he can't escape The stern demands of scarlet tape.——THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

MIGHT GET A PRIZE.

"Horse, do you call him? Looks more like a cross between a kangaroo and a giraffe. Why don't you exhibit him?"

GIRLS SLOPER'S SPOTTED.

The Hoary-Headed One met this little angel behind the scenes at a 'all in Broadstairs. He approached her with becoming politeness; but when she told him to go home and wash the Twins, he nearly collapsed.

SHEER NECESSITY.

Charlie Prodger. I expect the missus 'll be a bit cross when she sees the condition of her new feather boa; but what's a chap to do for a pipe-cleaner, when his pals have *donationed* him one of those big *presentation pipes?*

AND THIS IS FRIENDSHIP.

"Come along, quick, old man, they've got some prime hot oxtail soup in the cabin."

[RESULT—*Absolutely unmentionable.*

ONE IDEA.

Mrs. Robinson. No wonder Mrs. Jones cannot see her husband's faults. They say she is blind on the off-side.

Mrs. Smith. Gracious! you surprise me.

Mrs. Robinson. So it did me; but my husband says Jones is a man with *one eye dear.*

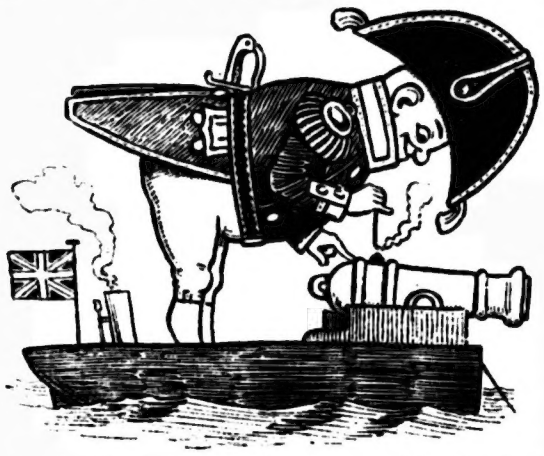
IRISH GALLANTRY.

Olive. And so you've not had much sport to-day, Sir Patrick? and you look dreadfully bloodthirsty, too!

Sir Patrick (gallantly). Sure now, Miss Olive, and if I only looked as killing as you do, it's a big bag I'd have at the end of the day without firing a shot.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE bombardment business at Zanzibar is not without an element of humour. There is a distinctly Gilbertian flavour about the conduct of our bluejackets in shelling and setting fire to the palace, and then working like niggers to put it out again—albeit



the course pursued was the only one compatible with honour under the circumstances. One is so accustomed now to find England koo-tooing to every pettifogging little ruler, that the firm stand taken on this occasion is as pleasing as it is surprising. But this pitiful usurper was a weakly enemy, more deserving of a rope than good powder and shot. Oh, that the music of British cannon might be heard also at Constantinople, and finish for ever the iniquitous rule of Turkey's bloody Sultan, whose secret countenance of continued massacre is a blot upon modern civilisation and a hideous disgrace to history and the nations that allow it to continue.

* * *

THE "SLOPER Warrant" has been granted to Mr. A. W. Walker, of The Tandem Hotel, Kennington, Oxford, that gentleman being appointed *Extry-superfine Tiddley Supplier to* A. SLOPER.

* * *

THERE'S a girl who looks after the ladies' dressing room, at the end of the Brighton Pier, who makes ALLY'S mouth water every time he sees her. She gets up in a pink bathing costume, and one after another, she's succeeded in breaking the hearts of all the gentlemen bathers. The fatherly eye of A. SLOPER will continue to watch that girl—he feels it a duty.

* * *

THE Lop-Eared *Littérateur* has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon JAMES P. HUNT, *because he was a dramatic author at 13.* "Feyther," gasped the Cerulean-Orbed, "this reminds me. There's a twelve-ack problum-play in forty-eight scenes and a prolog as I've long been at work on. It's called, *The Twentieth Missis Boomdeay; or, A 'Orrible Night Out with the Mother of Sixteen.* Before I sends it to Sir 'Enery Irvin', i'll just read yer a few of the spiciest bits——" But here the Old 'Un recovered from his astonishment, and, ere the budding dramatist could put his threat into execution, the Ancient was on the job with the well-worn but handy slipper.

* * *

VERY many years ago, when Alma Tadema, the painter of Bilberry Claverhouse Sloper in this week's *Sloper's Ancestors*, lived facing Regent's Park, his house was seriously damaged by the awful explosion of gunpowder which took place on a barge on the Regent's Canal. On the portico over Tadema's doorstep the word "Salve" was painted in large letters. The day after the explosion a rough-looking chap passing the house exclaimed to his pal, "By Gawd, Bill! ain't bally old Salve copped it 'ot?" He evidently took it for the name of the occupier, like a shopkeeper's facia.

* * *

A. SLOPER had an amusing letter once from poor little Shifter Goldberg, who asked for a small advance on the ground that he was passing through Fleet Street and Mr. Corlett of the *Pink 'Un* was not at the office. It was the idea of *The Shifter passing through Fleet Street* that tickled ALLY.

* * *

IT must be no easy task to provide a "new and original play" for an Adelphi audience. The patrons of this home of melodrama have witnessed so much in the way of sensation that to furnish them with something novel in plot and "situations" is an undertaking at which the most experienced dramatists may well stand aghast. In producing *Boys Together*, however, Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr may proudly claim the distinction of having accomplished this difficult feat. A thrilling, well-written play, abounding in dramatic episode, and mounted with true Adelphi munificence, *Boys Together* is yet another triumph for the house of Gatti.

* * *

AUNT GEESER gets very mixed at times and makes singularly curious mistakes in names. The other day Uncle Boffin was speaking of the mansion that Barney Barnato is building for himself in Park Lane, when Auntie chimed in with "What a good man that Dr. Barnardo must be, to build such a beautiful house for poor destitute and orphing girls."

A GAS-TLY AFFAIR.

(1) Old Fusby smells gas, and with candle in hand proceeds to find the escape.

(2) *Policeman.* It's very dangerous to take a light, sir. You see, you did no good.

Old Fusby. Did no good! Yes, I did. I found out which room the escape was in, *stoopid!*

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

BY the pale moonlight that filtered into the room through the broken Venetian blind two figures could be discerned. One, an old man fast asleep in bed, the other a masked unknown in his stockinged feet, who moved hurriedly from one article of furniture to another. Now and then a loose board in the flooring creaked alarmingly, but the snores of the old man drowned the noise. Finally, finding nothing of great value that was portable, the burglar descended the rope ladder that ran to the garden with a single object in his hand. He did not pause to examine it until he had reached the grass, and, with a dexterous shake, detached the hooks which had supported his ropes from the window ledge above. Then, and only then, he paused to gaze at his booty.

"Well, I'm jammed!" he ejaculated.

He turned the object over and examined it still more closely.

"No mistake about it," he continued, "one of the ribs has gone and my name's been filed or scraped off the handle, but it's the self-same one that was pinched from me while I was 'aving that chop in the City three weeks back."

And with quite a radiant smile the burglar tucked his recovered umbrella under his arm, rolled up his rope ladder, and disappeared through the laurel bushes.

WEATHER WHILE YOU WAIT!

[There appears to be a project afoot to provide any kind of weather to order.]

BRITONS who at times may
groan,
Yea, have, perhaps, bad temper shown,
Because your nation has
been prone
To variable climate;
None need now at its mercy
be
(Whether N., W., S. or E.).
Nor utter such a big, big D
As might upset a primate.
You now may order, so
they state,
All kinds of weather while
you wait.

It seems there is some good
old pal,
Who's met-e-o-ro-logi-*cal*,
And likewise so original,
And expert altogether;
That (when his great invention's done)
He'll daily send to everyone
Rain, Hail, or Snow, or gleams of Sun—
Yea, any kind of weather.
So be ye, therefore, up to date,
And have your weather while you wait!

THAT EXPLAINED IT.

"BUT, surely," persisted the possible employer, "there must be someone you can bring forward to answer for your honesty?"

"Not a soul, sir," replied the applicant, sadly—"not a living soul *I used to manage a Scotch Hotel during the tourist season.*"

AT THE BEAU-TANICAL GARDENS.

Letty. Wouldn't I love to wear him as a buttonhole.

OUR LADY'S CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY LADY DOWDY.

MINERVA.—How to be photographed is one of the most difficult things to advise upon that I know of. You see so much depends, doesn't it? There are very few who can afford to be taken quite full length. In a few the face takes best, but there are some women I know who, if they had any artistic feeling at all, would be photographed with the backs of their heads towards the camera. Perhaps it would be as well to take the advice of the photographer after all, and have the lower half length taken?

QUEEN OF SHEBA.—Nothing is so injurious to the complexion as soap and water. It would ruin the finest one ever made. If you want to do anything of the kind apply a little cold cream before retiring to rest, and wipe it off carefully in the morning with a silk handkerchief. Madame Squalini, whose complexion is the admiration and despair of all the artists in Europe, has not touched her face with water for seven years.

NEGLECTED ONE.—It is quite true, that brown eyes are not fashionable now in Society. The favourite tints range from grey to blue—Try Bludson's dyes, there are some charming shades of blue among them.

MARTHA.—To retrim an old hat, you must first of all unpick it, and take the straw to pieces, then wash, starch and iron it. A piece of old oil-cloth, fastened in with Shuffles' invisible tin tacks, is an excellent thing for stiffening the crown. It should then be trimmed with fruit and flowers. You can easily make a few sprays of black currants by cutting the leaves out of brown-paper and colouring them green and stringing some old boot buttons together for the currants. The flowers are best made out of turnips and painted. These possess the advantage over the real article of never fading. Ribbons are a little more difficult to manufacture, and if possible I should advise you to wash your old ones and use them again, but I have seen some wonderful effects produced from strips of coloured paper and Dustbinall's Enamel.

THEY SHOCKED HER AWFULLY.

Youthful Mermaid (her first experience of "bloomers"). Well, I never! you wouldn't catch *me* wearing 'em.

"QUIET TO RIDE AND DRIVE."

WRAPPED and rolled in surgical bandages and plaster of Paris the injured groom lay in St. Thomas's Hospital and narrated his story:

"Ginger was his name," he said, "the cussed old hoss that laid me out like this. There's only one way to harness the old brute—that's to chuck it on with a pitchfork! Jumpin' Jewhittaker, what a hist'ry the old scorpion's is! I tell yer, captin, the fust time I ever set eyes on that hoss was the day he comed up from 'Orncastle, in Lincoln. He was brought to our saleyard—reposit'ry the guv'nor calls it, and our 'ead orstler, poor feller—Bill Barnes his name was—goes into Ginger's stall. He slaps the old hoss over the hindquarters, as is customary, an' says, 'Git over.' Strooth! We buried all the pieces we could find of him at Nun'ead on the follerin' Toosday. Three months after that we found his right ear and a toe on the roof, behind the weathercock. When our guv'nor found out what old Ginger was like he swopped him to his cornchandler, who wanted a quiet hoss, for a hay and corn bill. Oh, lor! Goin' acrost Vorxhall Bridge the rein got under his tail an' he lashed out behind! Well, he kicked the cornchandler clean out o' Middlesex into Surrey, whilst the splinters o' the cart rained down on the passengers on a penny steamboat like a shower o' lucifer matches. A mineral water man got him next and took a load down to Chingford. The branches of the trees in Eppin' Forest were full of bottles of lemmynade, gingerbeer, an' Pop's Ale for weeks after, and the mineral water man was buried at West Ham. I tell yer, mister, that there hoss—— Ah! there's the visitor's bell. You'll hev' to go. Good-night. Ask the sister to come and re-arrange my pillows, will yer?"

THE TOOTSIE BATHING CLUB.

(BOULOGNE SECTION.)

Madame de Trilbee. You go first, my dear; I feel a bit bashful this morning.

FOR THAT WAY MADNESS LIES.

A. Shocking thing that about poor Plugger!

B. What was that?

A. Haven't you heard? The poor chap went mad during a railway journey. Got into the train same as I am, and stepped out at the end of an hour a raving lunatic.

B. But what—what on earth was the reason?

A. Oh! plain enough. Two cyclists in the same compartment talked "shop" during the whole journey.

THE ABDICATION OF MRS. BRYSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN BABBLETON THOMSON'S satisfied smile was not due to the fact that he recognised that Mrs. Bryson had triumphed over the other fragments of Mrs. Loriabuloo. He was too much accustomed to Mrs. Bryson being triumphant over the mankind in her immediate vicinity for him to be either surprised or elated over the fact. Mrs. Bryson had been accustomed, in her capacity of mother-in-law, to triumphing over and crushing John Babbleton Thomson, and of attributing dark motives to his innocent delays at the club and drawing malign inferences regarding his visits to the Empire and the Alhambra.

John B. Thomson had suffered too much from these suspicions in the past to rejoice in the misfortunes of those others who had succumbed to her superior mind and so had fallen beneath her sway.

His smile was due to another reason. John B. Thomson smiled to see the evidences of rebellion among the subjects of King Loriabuloo. He had no ambition to be Chancellor of the Clothes Treasury to a savage king all his future life. He missed many comforts to which he had been accustomed, and he was anxiously on the lookout for some means by which he could escape from the thrall by which he was surrounded.

No such means of escape had as yet presented itself, but the symptoms of revolt engendered by the new cult in dress, together with the opportunities of making King Loriabuloo uneasy which his position of valet afforded, caused a new hope to spring up in the mind of J. B. Thomson, and he resolved to do all he could to further the end he had in view.

He therefore resolved to flatter King Loriabuloo as much as possible, and so increase the esteem which his labours as valet had already aroused, but at the same time to direct these labours in such a way that the largest amount of discomfort would accrue to the dusky monarch from them.

"You looked magnificent to-day," said the wily J. B. T. to the King, as he retired to the seclusion of the Royal wigwam.

"Yes, suppose so," said Loriabuloo, as he swept a handful of sweat from his manly forehead; "but heap dem hot," he added.

"But the dignity of it," said J. B. Thomson, as he removed the white hat respectfully from the Royal head, and wiped it reverently.

"Coat too hairy," said the King, as he looked down on the sable trimming which had been regarded with such fondness by its former owner.

"All the fashions annoy great men, I assure you," said John B. Thomson. "No really great man now appears without furs."

"Ah, suppose must," said the King, "but no good cool,' he continued as he puffed and sweltered in the garments.

"All right when you get used to them," said J. B. Thomson. "The white lady will be delighted when she sees you in them."

"Ah, heap good! but white lady wear no fur," said King Loriabuloo, suddenly.

"Ladies don't wear furs," said J. B. Thomson, "only great Kings wear furs."

"Ah, good; great Kings dem uncomfortable, then," said the King, as John B. Thomson deftly removed the unwonted clothes, and allowed the King to stretch himself on his couch in all his native ease.

John B. Thomson left the King to his repose, and softly left the royal wigwam.

As he wended his way towards the tree where he had hitherto roosted at night he chuckled to himself to think what fools mortals may be from a love for dress. The poor King had made himself thoroughly uncomfortable, and he would be made more uncomfortable yet so that he might be glad to get quit of his captive. And John B. Thomson looked forward to the time when he would be sent away to resume his usual pursuits. He laughed aloud as he thought of it, and as he laughed a stern voice fell upon his ear:

"John Babbleton Thomson, dare you laugh?"

It was his mother-in-law and he ceased smile.

(To be continued next week.)

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

ST. ALBAN'S, *August 28th*, 1896.

MY DEAR ALLY,—Whilst superintending some building excavations last week, I came across the enclosed specimen of ancient pottery, which leads me to suppose that your ancestry dates at least as far back as some period of Roman supremacy. It is probably a portion of a statuette of one of your forbears, who was a big pot in the days of Cæsar. I felt it only a duty to send it you. Believe me, dear ALLY, ever your admirer, LUCULLUS.

SEASIDE SONNETS.

No. 6.—STRANGE NEWS FROM "THE LITTLE MAN ISLAND."

AFAR from Fleet Street's maddening roar,
I passed a jovial month, or more,
Upon that flower-spot of the main—
That island, dear to dear Hall Caine—
That Eden-bower, which lies between
Old England and the Land o' Green.
And there I learnt a curious fact,
That me with much amazement racked.

Three times I saw, in Mona's Isle,
The wearer of the world-famed tile,
The mouldering, mildewed, moundsome toper,
Who answers to the name of SLOPER.
At Douglas he was drunk; at Peel
Unchecked "Unsweetened" made him reel·
At Ramsay, in a speechless state,
He fought fierce battles seven or eight!
Yet Manx policemen—strange to say—
Arrested not the roysterer gay!

Much wondering how this thing transpired,
I sought the Deemster, and inquired
Why ALLY, tight as tight could be,
Was thus allowed to go scot free!
The Deemster proudly said, "I deem
No Manx policeman, sir, would dream
To lay a hand (despite his booze)
Upon the good old patriot who's
Endeared himself to all our clan
By posing as *The Friend of* 'MAN'!"

CANINE WIT.

Small Dog. Why have you no muzzle on? You run a great risk of dying of hydrophobia.

Large Dog. Well, I may die of hydrophobia; but you'll never die of a *fit*.

GETTING ROUND THE OLD MAN.

"Ah, John! if only your features were a little more pronounced you'd be a handsome man."

TOO LATE!

HE had striven manfully against a sea of trouble, but the end had come at last. That very morning a creditor, more relentless than all the rest, had filed a petition in Bankruptcy against him. Of course the news spread like molten lava—news of that sort invariably does. But when his best friend in the City came to console him he found him more in anger than in sorrow.

"Fool that I was!" exclaimed the poor bankrupt, "but it is too late now!"

"Cheer up," said the good friend, "there are brighter days in store; you'll soon be set up on your legs again."

"It isn't *that* that worries me," said the debtor, "but, as you know, partridges came in yesterday. I dearly love a partridge, but refrained from ordering a brace on the ground that I couldn't afford four-and-sixpence, and—and now it's too late, for I have to account to the Official Receiver for everything!"

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

CRICKET Mem.—A Wicked Keeper: The custodian of Bluebeard's wives.

"MRS. CAUDLE'S Coortin' Lectures:" A rustic mother reproving her daughter for flirting.

FASHION Note: The modern girl who laughs in her sleeve has a splendid chance of doing a *broad* grin.

BONES that can be seen without any "X" Rays: Dear old "Uncle" on Margate Sands.

CUTTING, VERY.

The Stockbroker (warmly). I can't make out your letter, Birdie.

She (coldly). No? Hav'n't you a typewriter, or somebody at your office with a fair amount of education, who could read it to you?

FARES WOT I'VE DROVE.

(THE CONFIDENCES OF BADGE No. 00,951.)

(Continued.)

"'BILKED!' did you say, sir? that I have, a many times. Lor bless yer! I used to get done as often as three times a week when I first started. I reckon I must a looked a bit of a mug, and the coves picked me out a purpose, and one or two on 'em did play it up on me pretty high, I can tell you. No, there ain't so many bilkers about as there was, by a long way, and this 'ere noo Ack of Parliament wot's just come into force will put a stop to some o' their dodgey little games, that's certain.

"I reckon I've bin 'ad on most of the old tricks in my time; but after a bit I got artful, and nabbed one or two chaps clean on the hop. Men who orter know better a lot of them are, but some'ow they get a sort o' mania for travelling about for nothin', and they're always tryin' to do the railway, or a hommibus, or kebman or somethin'.

"I remember one particular chap—elderly, grey-bearded gent he was, with a parse-round-the-plate-on-Sunday sort of air about 'im. I drove that old bloke about for four mortil hours, takin' in the time I waited about for 'im. At larst he pulls me up at a pub in the West End, wot I 'appened to know had another openin' into a street at the back—a regular prime spot for a bilking job. 'Wite 'ere, my man,' 'e says, jumping out, and with that 'e goes inside slow and dignified like. I don't exactly know wot roused my suspicions, p'r'aps it wos the fact of a sanctimonious old party goin' into a flash public 'ouse for a drink; any'ow, I 'ad a sort o' feelin' that I orter keep my eye on 'im. Quick as I could I drives round to the other door, and pulls up outside, and sure enough I'd hardly done it, than out darts my cove, and secin' the cab waitin' there, jumps in slippy, and shouts out 'Euston, as hard as you can go!' through the trap. It was a neat cop for the old swindler, for 'e was in such a hurry he never even looked up at me, and if 'e 'ad, it was too dark for him to see clear. Soon as we reached the station I was down in half a two, and standin' ready for him when 'e got out o' the cab. Even then he didn't recognise me, for he 'ands me eighteenpence, and was marching into the station, when I lays my 'and on 'is arm. ''Arf a minnit, guvnor,' I says, 'my fare's sixteen bob.' You should just a seen the stare 'e gives me when 'e sees who it was, I thought 'e 'd a started 'is blessed eyes out of his 'ead, he looked that flummuxed.

"'You're a nice, darned old thief, I don't think,' I ses to him, 'to try and swindle a poor man out of his earnings, ain't yer?' 'I've a bloomin' good mind' I ses, 'to show yer up and let your friends and relations see wot a ole dodger you are. Oh, you 'oary-headed sinner, you, wot would they say to your goin's on at the chapel?' Of course, this last was a random shot of mine, but it went 'ome. I'm mortal sure the old chap thought I knew somethin' of 'im!" 'Hush, hush!' he said, looking round to see as no one ain't over'eard me. ''Ere, 'ere's a soverin, give me the change.'

"Well, I 'ands it to 'im, and drives orf feelin' a bit cocky at 'aving been one too many for the old bilker. First quiet pub I gets to I goes in for a drink, and chucks down the quid."

"'Wot's this?' said the bloke behind the bar.

"'A quid,' I ses, feelin' a bit of a shiver go down my back.

"'Ho, is it?' he ses, 'well, all I can say is, you don't pass it 'ere; why, it's a wrong 'un that wouldn't deceive a babby.'

"And a wrong 'un, guv'nor, sure enough it was."

(To be continued next week.)

THE SLOPER RELICS.

(Continued.)

No. 23.—BIRCH, LARGE POT OF VASELINE AND A POLICEMAN'S HELMET, PRESENTED BY SIR JOHN BRIDGE.

The birch is a beautiful specimen of the titillating article, handy in the grasp, pliant and springy; moreover, it has been highly seasoned to taste, in strong pork pickling brine. Alexandry has had more than one opportunity of sampling it, and can vouch for the correctness of this statement. For family use it is unequalled, but when wielded by the Arm of the Law, its application must be found exceedingly exhilarating. Following as a second course, the vaseline is grateful and comforting. It has also great cooling properties, as A. SLOPER has discovered when lubricating his nose with it after a sultry night. The Eminent is not sure if he shall allow the policeman's helmet to remain among the Relics. He has serious thoughts of converting it into a new boiler for his steam yacht, *Bow Street*, for which it is particularly suited, being strong and heavy, and well able to hold the heat.—*(To be continued.)*

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 446.—GEORGE, F.O.S.

"Innumerable dwellers in and countless visitors to Gay Paree, will have little difficulty in recognising the latest addition to our Gallery of celebrities. As the presiding genius of the American Bar of the *Concert des Ambassadeurs*, our hero has won distinction, and attained a proficiency in drink-mixing that deservedly places him among the world's greatest men. In the exercise of his profession George has supplied "liveners" to A. SLOPER, the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the German Emperor, Peter Jackson, and other men of light and leading. In the concoction of slings, cocktails and juleps he is unrivalled, whilst his corpse revivers and pick-me-ups are unequalled in their efficacy, and are greatly in request by revellers who have been making a night of it. Chiefly because he knows how to cure 'a head,' he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him August 15th, 1896."

—*Debrett Improved.*

SOME REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF SELF-CONTROL.

(1) Ebenezer Lymph asserts that throughout the whole twenty years of his married life he has never addressed an angry or unkind word to his missus!

(2) Gertrude Sereleef declares that no male thing has ever attempted to kiss her since she was turned three—not even under the mistletoe!

(3) The Hon. Bashington Grotter swears that though naturally of a most convivial temperament, yet for ten years he has neither tasted a drain of anything intoxicating nor been out of bed after 8 P.M.

(4) Tramp Moocher, Esq., stoutly maintains that never in the whole of his blessed existence—not even when starving—has he ever tried to do a fellow man out of a day's work.

(5) The Editor of *Cribbed Bits* declares on oath that never has an original joke sullied the pages of his journal. (It appears he takes his "SLOPER" regularly.)

HARDLY TO BE WONDERED AT.

She chose an awfully awkward corner to wait for him; and he was so superstitious about those things, that he cut her on the spot.

AT A WELSH INN.

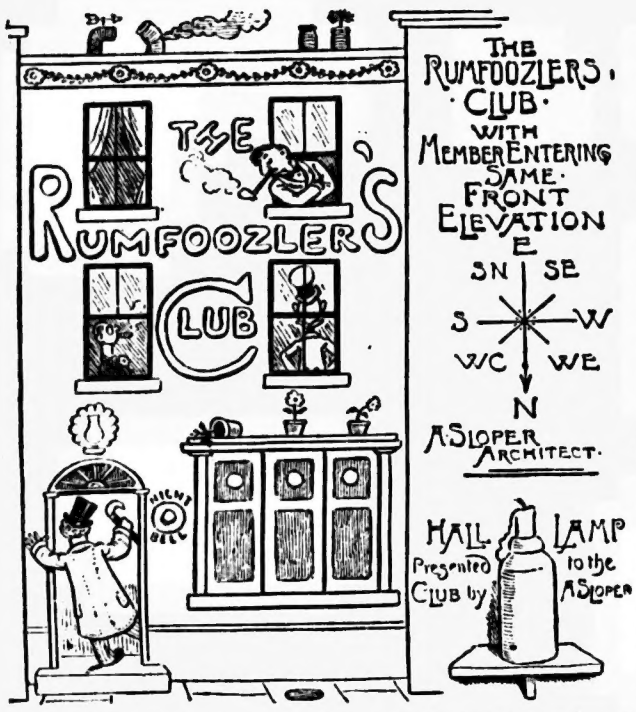
Tourist (slightly "on"). You don't often get gentlemen stopping here, then, Mar, my dear? *Mar.* No, sir; mostly tourists like yourself, sir.

ON THE STALK.

"DEAREST MINNIE,—I have turned awfully religious lately, and go to church twice every Sunday. Did I tell you the pew at the back of ours has been taken by the Hon. Hugh Fitzspoofington? He's a bachelor, and has such a duck of a moustache. Ever your own,—FANNY."

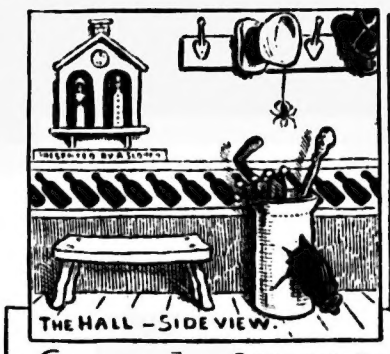
THE RUMFOOZLERS' CLUB: ITS MEMBERS, ITS INFLUENCE, ITS ATTENDANTS AND ITS BYE-LAWS.

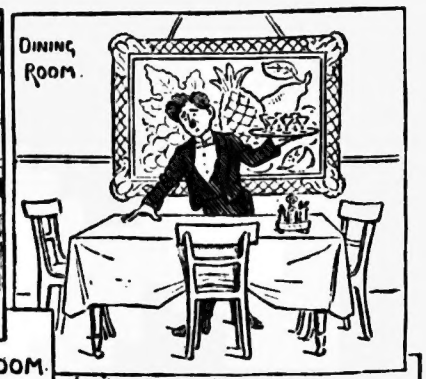
No. 1.—THE CLUB HOUSE.

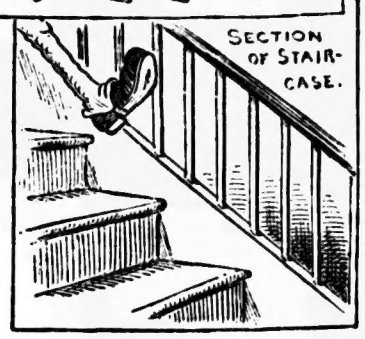


Our readers have from time to time asked to be enlightened concerning the Club the Eminent belongs to. After consulting with its Members, who one and all most cordially objected to its affairs being made public, he has resolved to give a true and particular account of everything and everybody pertaining to the Rumfoozlers. Such is the name of the club honoured by numbering A. SLOPER amongst its most influential members, and to which he stood sponsor. But he wishes it to be clearly understood that what he may communicate will be in strict confidence, and he trusts that such confidence will not be abused. Several gentlemen friends of A. SLOPER, frequenters of The Sloper Arms, having determined that the bar of that hostelry was all very snug and comfortable in its way, but still did not yield that privacy necessary to social converse and interchangement of ideas, decided to form a club, and commissioned A. SLOPER to find suitable premises. Having spotted a greengrocer's in a secluded back street to be let cheap—the proprietor being on the verge of bankruptcy—he communicated to his friends the fact, and reporting favourably as to the premises, the purveyor of fruit and vegetables was settled with. A. SLOPER was then requested to apply his talents—having no slight knowledge of architecture—into converting the premises into a club of the most social species. And thus from the ashes of the emporium of greens and kidney ones proudly rose the Rumfoozlers' Palatial Club House.

(To be continued.)







London: Printed by DALZIEL & CO., at the Camden Press, 110 High Street, N.W., and Published by the Proprietor, GILBERT DALZIEL, at "*The Slopersies*," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.—Saturday, September 12, 1896.